

Guerilla Black Feat. Mario Winans "You're The One"

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Oh yeah, oh yeah, ohh baby
Oh ohh, oh ohh, oh baby, oh yeah

I remember when I met you on Crenshaw
I almost crashed my truck, and spilled my Hen' dawg
Yes you, God blessed you
I was trying to get next to you

Your homegirls was hating, but I didn't care
You said you had a man, I was like "Where?"
It was something so different about you
I felt so gifted around you

Even though you had a man and all
I took the chance to call, we held hands at the mall
That day was so special to me
Your man left you at Mickey D's

You called me, I scooped you up
I seen fear in your eyes, the tears in your eyes
He can't hug you how I hug you
Better yet love you like this thug do

You're so special, you're the one but you're already
taken
Oh, I can't help the way I'm feeling
You're the one, I wish I could replace him
'Cause I know that baby you're the one

I'm having the time of my life
Felt the world on wheels, you and your homegirl got
some skills
Nobody make me feel like you do
Or better yet real like you, I messed around and killed
dude

I seen homegirly just flossin', we made eye contact
Dude always is flossin', me never
You and B L A C K forever
Tattered on my neck in green letters

Late night eating HÃfÃxagen-Dazs, watching Uncut

And me sitting there, playing wit' your butt
Took off your clothes, I hit it on the couch
Even though mom's in the house

Nothing could replace this feeling
It's like winning 2 million, our bond closer than Cicilians
I know old boy won't leave you alone
I know you love him, but our love is strong

You're so special, you're the one but you're already
taken
Oh, I can't help the way I'm feeling
You're the one, I wish I could replace him
'Cause I know that baby you're the one

I couldn't leave well enough alone
Hell, I had to hit ya cell phone
I left you a message, it went like this
"I love you, muah!"

I guess it's my luck, I goes to the Magic
Damn, ain't that his truck?
I guess you wit' him, screw him
If it wasn't for you, I'd have to do him

You seen 'em at Jack In The Box
He was mackin' a lot, to some rats in a drop
Now you call The Beat and The Power
Dedicate songs every hour

All Hell done broke loose
He got your passcode to your cell and my Nextel shirt
too
I guess it's time for you to decide
Which one of us you want in your ride?

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